So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
A flakie darkenesse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudy strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
But one thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leasure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweete discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell vpon,
God giue leisure of these rights of loue,
Once more adiew be valiant and speede well.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentilemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke one my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with heauy fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement:
That we may praise thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the ghost of prince Ed. son to Henry the sixt

Ghost to K. Ric. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules
Of

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt,

Gost to K. Ric. When I was mortall my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispaire and die,
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die,
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that Prophesied thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauy one thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fullsome wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To Rich. Thou off-spring of the house of *Lancaster*,
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.

Enter the ghosts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan,

Riu. Let me sit heauy one thy soule to morrow,
Riuers, that died at *Pomfret*, dispaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Rich.* bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the ghost of L. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord *Hastings* dispaire and die.
To Rich, Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* sake.

Enter the Ghost of two yong Princes

Ghost. Dreame on thy cousens smothered in the tower:
Let vs be layd with in thy bosome *Richard*,
And Weigh thee downe to ruine shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in peace, and wake in ioy.